

Helter Skelter, OR THE Devil upon two Sticks:

*In a Comical Dialogue between HIGH CHURCH and LOW CHURCH,
Relating to the Times,*

By the Author of, All Men Mad,

High Church Man.
HERE Drawer, bring us another Quart;
I love the Church with all my Heart,
'Tis she maintains the Power Royal,
And teaches Subjects to be Loyal;
Altho' some casting Drones and Asses,
Revile her Common-Prayers as Masses,
And thro' Fools Conscience call'd Squamish,
Condemn her spotless Faith as Romish.
I say, such Scandals are but Fictions,
Malicious whiggish Contradictions:
And I'll be bound my self, by Jove,
Not only to assert, but prove,
She favours of no Popish leaven,
But is the surest Guide to Heaven!
Come Drawer fill a Glass to th'brims;
Let the Low sink, and High-Church swim;
For we that are the sons o'th' High,
Shall surely once surmount the Sky,
Whilst the dark Zealots of the Low
Shal down wards to the bottom go,
In this salubrious Glass of Claret,
The best of cordials I'll aver it;
I wish Prosperity with all
My Heart, to the Church Episcopall!
And hope the Crown, the same will nourish,
That the true Faith may ever flourish.
Huzza! here goes a merry Bumper,
Come pledge me, Sir, or you're a Rumper!

Low Churchman.
Methinks, good Sir you're mighty warm;
I'd have you think I with no harm.
Torn Bishops, or the Church, God mend 'em!
Or any Hotspurs that defend 'em,
But I must plainly tell you this, Sir:
I'll drink no Wine but what I please, Sir
No High-Fly'rs of you all; God take me;
If I refuse to drink, shall make me.
Nay I'll not pledge, for all your grinning;
Such Popish Healths as your beginning:
I'd have you think I scorn to hear,
Any Tostivy Ranting here!

Ay, nod your Head, and knit your Brow;
We've Liberty of conscience now,
Come, Neighbour Cant, GOD save the Queen,
We value no such fiery Men,
God grant her Grace as well as Breath;
To live and Reign like Elizabeth,

High Churchman.
Blood, Sir, for all you talk so big;
I say you're but a canting Whig,
A rank dissembling Presbyterian,
The spawn of some old Oliverian
Whose Heart maliciously is bent,
Against both Church and Government;
And tho' you seem to wish the Crown
So well, you'd gladly pull it down,
And drink the R--'s Health, yet you'd rather
Betray the Daughter like the Father;
Nor all the Wheedles, and God bless you,
Found in your glavering Addresses,
Adorn'd with florid canting stuff,
We know your inside well enough.
I say, he's Rumpish that abuses
The High-Church, or her Health refuses;
And that he would be glad to see
Once more the scene of Forty-Three;
And who approves the Blood then spill'd
Must be a Partner in the Guilt,
And make himself a vile Abettor;
By now consenting to the matter,

Low Churchman.
I say, Sir, you're a meer shirt-fire;
You a good subject, you a Lyar,
A flanting, ranting Peckenite,
A Popish slave, a Jacobite;
That would have all the Nation groan;
Beneath the Whore of Babylon;
What tho' a King once lost his Head,
Why should the Blame on us be laid?
Why did not your Church Militant,
That o'er your Wine so rave and rant
Behave themselves like better Soldiers
And fight to keep it on his Shoulders!

Are we so blame because you lost,
 What many Thousand Lives had cost;
 Why did not all your Forces rally,
 To stop the Mischiefs that beset ye,
 But tamely stand, and fighting see
 Your Martyr's sad Catastrophe;
 Yet shame henceforward cease to brag on
 Your Church whose emblem tho' a Dragon
 To show it is her Constitution
 To uphold Popish persecution:
 Yet are her Sons such *bastard Romans*,
 They fight us best in *Dofers Commons*,
 Where their Court-Spiritual's the Field.
 The Pen the Sword, and Gold the Shield:
 But now be prais'd we're out of danger,
 And fear no high flown Bishops Anger.
 No fiery Churchman's Information,
 No griping Proctor or Citation;
 But can serve GOD, where e'er we please
 In sight of enemies like these; (right us
 Th'aters your high flying words shan't
 Your Church is gag'd and cannot bite us.

High Churchman.

Tell you, Sir, for all your bawling,
 You're an old crying Kipperdoling.
 A Calves-head Knave a Flash, a Bounce;
 A grey haud grave illit rare Dunces.
 Did not your Tribes hatch Civil Wars,
 And set the Nation by the Ears, (red
 Pluck down the church by heaven's appointment
 And trample on the Lord's Anointed
 Murder and plunder all his Friends,
 And Traitors preach to gain their Ends;
 And when your Swords thro' vile disorders
 Had made you England's bloody Masters.
 Did not you then with frantick Joy,
 The Monuments e' th' dead destroy,
 And like a heathenish pack of Knaves;
 Disturb their Ashes in their Graves,
 Ravack God's Altars with your Forces;
 Profane his Churches with your Horses
 Break sacred Windows in your Fury,
 Painted long since to Heavens Glory,
 Because malicious Fools, in spight,
 Cry'd out they gave a Popish Light;
 And when, like wild rebellious Devils,
 You'd done all these infernal Evils
 And had the Sov'reign Power subdu'd,
 By drinking up the Nation's blood
 Could you tell how to Rule the Roast;
 Or use that Power you had ingross'd;
 At first 'twas seated in the Rump,
 From thence did into th' Army jump;
 Then was it plac'd in Regulators,
 They had the Canvassing of Matters;
 From thence against th' Parliament,
 To Cromwel next, by their consent:
 Thus back and forwards was it handed,
 And round about the Nation banded,
 Not knowing how to long maintain
 The Power they did so basely gain

But was at last forc'd with dishonor,
 To give it back to it's right Owner;
 So busie Monkeys that have seen,
 Their Master handle what is keen,
 Will in his absence, take in hand,
 What silly Brutes don't understand-
 But when they've hurt some tender part,
 And see the Blood, and feel the smart;
 They gladly lay down what they found;
 And lick to heal the painful wound.

Low Church Man.

I say, Sir, you're a Popish Bigger,
 A Tyrant's Slave, a Loyal Maggot,
 A sneaking servile Tom a doodle,
 That has no Brains within thy Noddle;
 A zealous, poor, Crown serving Tory,
 Fit only to give Kings thy money;
 A Cow'rdly non-resisting Bubble,
 Aw'd by the fear of Death or Trouble;
 A Worm for Ministry to tread on,
 An Ass for Barthenes to be laid on;
 A Government's most useful Tool,
 A Sacred Monarch's humble Fool,
 A Bishop's dandy Jack-a-dandy,
 A Papist, Sir, I understand ye;
 A Foot-ball stuff with Loyal Zeal,
 For Priests to kick 'twixt Heaven & Hell
 I'll warrant you're such a Loyal Slave,
 You'd serve the Crown with all you have
 Lay down your Life, or your Estate,
 To make your Prince profusely great;
 Or fight like Butcher's favourite Brindles
 Rather than Prelacy should dwindle
 Nay, die a Martyr for the Church,
 Before you'd leave her in the lurch:
 E'en hug thy high flown Loyal Fury,
 I'm no such Block head I'll assure ye;
 Kings by the People first were made,
 And should no longer be obey'd
 Than whilst they mind our preservation;
 And act for th'well-tare of the Nation.
 Truly maintaining their Compection,
 Without encroachment or Exaction;
 But if at any time we find'em
 Grasp at more power than we design'd'em
 O that they've broke thro', or forsaken
 The solemn Vows & Oaths they've taken
 Or if they prove such Storks or Logs,
 Complain'd of by old Aesop's Frogs;
 The suffering People may dismount
 Such Kings, and call them to account;
 GOD only made them Men, 'tis we
 That yield them their Authority,
 It's Conquest gives a right to Rule;
 The Throne is such a precarious School,
 That whosoever sits thereon,
 Must alwayes have his Dagger drawn;
 For if the people can by force,
 Dethrone the Victor or do worse;
 Their Native freedom to recover,
 Their Right's the same with his all over.

'Tis not to say he made us swear;
 That we would true Allegiance bear;
 And that we are his Slaves in troth;
 Because we've taken such an Oath;
 No, since we can't dispute his title;
 We're forc'd to flatter him a little;
 And only do what he desires;
 To gain those points our cause requires
 Not that an Oath can binding be
 Extorted in necessity:
 For bonds in prison are not good;
 There is no reason that they should:
 What tho' a thief upon the Road;
 Robs me, and makes me swear by God.
 I'd ne'er discover him should I find him
 Do you believe this Oath is binding?
 No, by my troth for all I'd swear;
 I'd make him take a Tyburn cur:
 And after all your mighty Rattles,
 Of Norman Victories and Battles;
 A Conqueror twist me and you;
 Is but the greater thief o'th' two:
 Nor can the Oath be put upon us
 When by the Sword he's over-run us:
 Bind us to acknowledge his protection:
 Longer than he can force Subjection?
 But when we find his strength doth fail,
 And we can over his pow'r prevail,
 We have the self same title then
 To Govern, as he had to Reign.
 And if we pull the Tyrant down,
 And from his Temple snatch the Crown,
 We take no more than what's our own.)
 Yet you poor Loyal Fools, will say
 We've done much wrong to Majesty.
 'Tis us he has pow'r to quell;
 Our Arms he'll say that we rebel;
 And then 'tis we that must be halter'd;
 Because in our attempts we falter'd:
 But if Success should crown our matters,
 The King and his Friends are then the Traitors:
 For the Law we've seen it often try'd; tors
 Is always on the strongest side.

As to your proud and lazy Prelates,
 So much ador'd by Popish Zealots;
 I tell you plainly I abhor 'em.
 And think there's no occasion for 'em.
 The Shepherd's Crook their Lordships wear
 To signify their Pastoral Care,
 Is of no other Service grown
 Unless to hock the Church to th' Crown;
 Nor does their sitting in the Hall
 To th' Publick signify a Law;
 Only in matters of Debate.
 That happen to enflame the State,
 I am not willing to forget
 The mighty Goods they did of late;
 But fear they'll prove such pious Men,
 As to undo it all again.

To tell you truly I suspect 'em;
 And cannot cordially assent 'em;
 But dare to own before my Betters;
 I love no Cardinals, Caps or Mitres.
 High Church Man.

Now rage thy envious Heart has fir'd,
 I warn't thou this k't thy self inspir'd;
 And that thy base rebellious Babbles,
 In spite thou'st utter'd at the table,
 Is fill'd with so much charming sence,
 And such convincing arguments;
 That nothing can withstand the force
 Of thy Fanatical discourse.
 But I must tell thee, thou'rt a Dolt;
 A fool for shooting such a bolt:
 Thou fire at random in the dark,
 And fall a Mile beside the Mark,
 Stow by your Talk that you're a scurvy
 Knave, that would turn us topsy turvy,
 A restless Wretch, that wants to tower
 Above thy Merit or thy Power,
 Possess'd with that strange stupifaction,
 As't wish thy native Land's distraction,
 To enrich thyself by others ruin,
 And thrive by honest Men's undoing.
 I wonder who first taught thee Treason,
 And how thou suck'st in so much Poison
 To think the People may dethrone
 The King, and make his Pow'r their own;
 So any Rebel you will own,
 Has a just Title to the Crown;
 If once by force he can but gain it,
 And has but power to maintain it.
 Rare Doctrine! sure from Hell first brought,
 By some Incarnate Devil taught;
 Some Guile of Lucifer's designed
 To spoil the Peace of Human-kind
 To foment Feuds to Civil Wars,
 And let whole Kingdoms by the Ears;
 For where such Nations do encrease,
 There can be no such thing as Peace:
 Kings were at first by Heaven appointed,
 And by GOD'S holy Priest anointed.
 Not placed by th' People o'er the Land,
 But govern'd by Divine Command:
 The Lord himself by Revelation,
 Gave to the Priest the nomination,
 Without the Subjects approbation,
 But when the People he abus'd
 And the great power he had misus'd
 So that just Heaven disapproved him,
 GOD Himself judg'd him, and remov'd him
 By giving in a Dream or Vision,
 To his High Priest a new Commission
 To openly declare his Word
 Revealed unto him by the Lord.
 That Heaven had denounc'd in Anger;
 So ill a King should reign no longer.

And that the Lord had now appointed
 Another Prince to be Anointed.
 On the Kings Misrule or Defection,
 GOD gave the People no Election,
 They were oblig'd to be content,
 With such a King as Heaven sent,
 And to approve his Government.
 For if the People by their Voice
 Made Kings, and they should Rule by choice,
 They'd Vote their Monarchs up and down,
 And so precarious make the Crown,
 That e're they'd long one King obeyed
 They'd chuse another o'er his Head,
 So that the Throne would be a Chair,
 Much fitter for my good Lord-May'r.
 Besides, allow that Monarchie
 Should (as you wish) elective be,
 In our divided wrangling Nation,
 So full of Strife and Emulation,
 How would two Parties, that oppose
 Each other as inveterate Foes,
 That disunite in every thing,
 Agree in chusing of a King?
 Both would their Fav'rites countenance,
 And each side would their own advance;
 They'd ne'er concur in any One,
 And if we've Two as good have none:
 Then if two Parties by their Voices,
 To please themselves make different Choices,
 How must they then dispute their Right,
 Unless it be by open fight?
 The Sword must be the Arbitrator,
 And Conquest must decide the Matter;
 So terminate in spight of Votes,
 In-cutting one anothers Throats.
 Thus ev'ry popular Election
 Would end in Misery and Distraction,
 The City scarce can chuse her Mayrs,
 But fall together by the Ears;
 Nor Country Boors and Clowns content them-
 Selves to chuse those that represent them:
 Least every such Election closes
 With broken Heads, and bloody Noses,
 What evils then must needs befall us,
 Were we to chuse the Kings that Rule us!
 Should England e'er prove so defective,
 As once to make her Crown Elective,
 Whoever we should chuse as King,
 Would find he stood so tottering
 That he must like a Tyrant Rule,
 And make us Slaves, or be our Fool!

Low Churchman.

Wounds, hold your Popish tittle-tattle,
 'I would make one swear to hear you prattle;
 Nay put a Saint into a Poshon,
 To listen to your vile Oration!
 Why what a Pox (forgive good Lord)
 My speaking such a wicked Word:
 But what good Man on Earth can be
 From such vain filthy Language free,

In such provoking Company.
 I say Sir you're a Perkenite,
 And talk like any Bedlamite;
 You're Mad, and know not what you say,
 But rave like one that would betray
 Our English Liberties and Rights,
 Into the hands of Jacobites,
 And make us all poor slavish Creatures,
 To heath'nish Crowns and Popish Mistresses
 But e're such Times shall come about,
 We'll make the Devil of a rout;
 Alarm your Ears with such strange Thunder,
 That should turn all your hopes to wonder,
 For all I am old, I thank the Lord,
 I'm able still to wield a Sword,
 Or cock a Musquet in the Field,
 And would do both, before I'd yield
 The Pow'r of England should be given
 To any Papist under Heaven.

Go you're a Romish Tory, Sir.
 'A meer Cathedral Worshipper,
 That goes to Church to hear a Jargon
 Of Popish Masses with the Organ;
 As if you thought (by your advancing
 Fine-Tunes) your Saints above, lov'd Dancing
 I say such Musical High Flyers,
 Are worse than Jesuits or Fryars,
 And are nought else in good Mens Eyes;
 But down-right Papists in disguise,
 Your idle Talk provokes my Anger,
 I'll keep you Company no longer,
 You may perhaps have some design.
 There's Nine pence for my pint of Wine,
 And so good night t'ye, Master High Church,
 I'm sure I ne'er shall be of Thy Church.

High Church-Man.

[To the rest of the Company.]
 Good Night! Did ever Mortal Ear,
 Such strange Rebelious Notions hear,
 Imbib'd from stupid envious Teachers,
 Whose Malice only made them Preachers;
 England, unhappie wouldst thou be
 Beneath such Mens Authority!
 Be wise and shun the sad Disasters,
 Of having such Fanatick Masters,
 Who abuse Justice, scoff at Reason,
 Hate Loyalty, and nourish Treason,
 And brand all those that thwart their knaves
 With love of Popery & Slaverie. (crie)
 May Heav'n protect the Church and State
 From what such Saints would fain be at.
 That the Queen long may Rule the Nation,
 And her Arms gain such Reputation,
 As to establish Europe's Peace;
 And make all Foreign discords cease;
 Also with one pacifick Smile,
 Our Home Divisions Reconcile;
 And ever bless our fruitful Isle.

FINIS.

